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Theodore Roosevelt

A new spirit has come over Port Huron. We are no longer content to sit idly by and permit matters to drift. We are taking the "bull by the horns," so to speak----that is, we are going to see that matters do go right by taking charge of affairs ourselves.

That is the right spirit. It should not and will not, prevail among a smaller number. it is a community matter, one that concerns all citizens. It is everybody's business and it must receive the hearty, whole-souled co-operation of every one.

Port Huron has had too many dormant days. Too many opportunities for industrial development have been permitted to escape us. Now that the new order of things has come we must be on "our toes" to do what we can to help build a better and larger Port Huron.

We must have no drones. The new spirit must permeate every section of the city. It must thrive in the homes as well as in the business places. It must be carried to the fireside and given full play so as to stand parent to new ideas.

Cities do not grow, they are built. You can become a builder of the Port Huron of the future by becoming a member of the

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PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

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IN MOST SINCERE APPRECIATION AND DEEPEST GRATITUDE WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO OUR SERVICE FLAG OF 177 STARS

Our Boys Who Left School to Enlist

BYRON PHILPS

MAX EDMONDSON

FRED ADAMS

HAROLD HOFFMAN

LEO RUBENSTEIN

VANCE SICKLES

HAROLD MARLETTE

GILBERT ISBISTER

Wounded

MILO CLARK

HAROLD HILL

PHILIP SCARLATTA

WM. ULLENBRUCH

ROY WAGNER

CARLTON ROBINSON

In Memoriam

LEDA McJENNETTE
Class of 1920

ELIZABETH SMITH
Class of 1921

CADY RYAN
Class of 1922

Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

—Lord Byron.

In Memoriam

OUR FOUR GOLD STARS

---

*I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

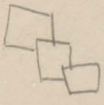
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear—
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

MELVIN BELCHER
RUSSEL KERR
HOWARD LANE
PERRY SINK

*This poem was written by Allan Seegar, an American who died for love of France.

If any name is omitted, kindly inform us and it will be corrected in the next issue.



When the Flag Goes By

The little children in France pay homage to our flag by kneeling in the street and making a path of roses.

The American flag stands for thousands of lives given for a cause just as sacred as that of Christ's.

It stands for your love of brothers, sons and fathers who have fought and are fighting for the Red, White and Blue.

Paying homage to the flag is not a thing to be ashamed of, for you are reverencing George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, our present leader and all the sailors and soldiers who have fought and died for our country and flag.

You who are uncertain as to the proper respect due the flag, remember that anything courteous is the correct thing to do.

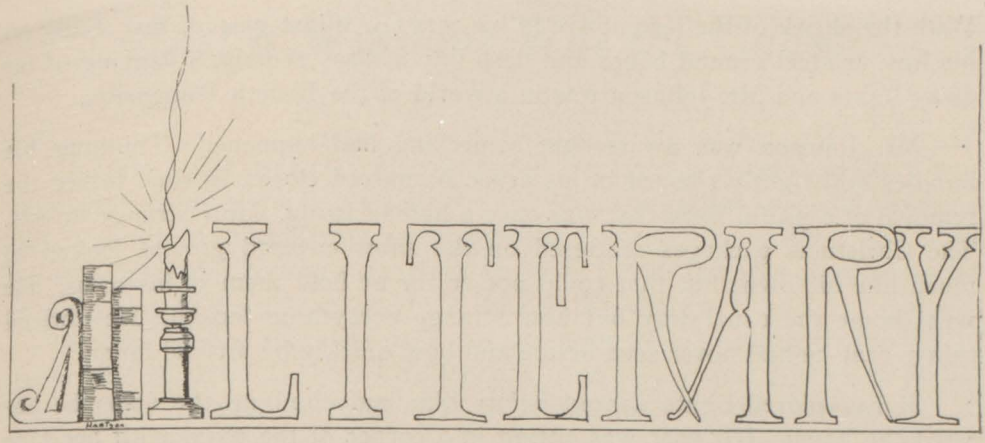
This war is going to be the chief medium through which patriotism for country and flag will be instilled.

When watching a parade, salute only the national emblem at the "head" of the parade and the different standards which mark the distinct divisions of the parade.

When saluting, civilians will bear their heads when the flag arrives within six paces from directly opposite and cover when it has passed twelve paces from them. All army officers and reservists in citizens clothes are required to give the army salute in place of baring their heads.

Civilians are not allowed to give the army salute.

—I. R. OGILVIE.



THE FOURTH DIMENSION

The night was cold and stormy, the rain was rapidly turning to sleet and snow. Mr. Ralph Johnson was hurrying down Seventh Avenue toward the Pennsylvania Terminal with his arms filled with Christmas bundles. The streets were crowded and the reflection from the store windows cast weird shadows on the sidewalks, but Mr. Johnson's mind was filled with thoughts of home and he paid no attention to them or the gaily decorated automobiles hurrying down the avenue.

The station was crowded and everyone was in a hurry. Even the porters had a smile on their dusky faces and a Merry Christmas for everyone.

As the gateman finished calling out the train number and destination Mr. Johnson hurried down the steps and boarded the train for home. As the electric leviathan hurried the string of cars through the tube and out into the night, the vivid flashes of electricity from the third rail cut the night like a knife, illuminating the surrounding landscape. (The salt marshes of East Jersey were first crossed and then the towns were left behind.

Mr. Johnson was looking out into the stormy night. Although his eyes seemed to be directed into the darkness, his mind was home with his wife and children.

A package looking suspiciously like a doll protruded from his coat pocket, while other packages took on familiar shapes. How little Mabel would enjoy the doll and how much Tom would enjoy the tiny cannon and train of cars! Neither was his wife forgotten, for deep down in a pocket was a pearl necklace which would delight any member of the fairer sex.

At last the trainman called out Trenton in the old familiar way and Mr. Johnson, gathering his packages, prepared to leave the train. The train having come to a grinding stop, he stepped off and directly in the path of an oncoming yard engine, which was hidden from view by the falling snow.

With the shriek of the locomotive in his ears and a last gasp of fear dying on his lips, as steel ground bones and flesh into a mass of pulp, a dancing of far away lights and Mr. Johnson was in a world of the Fourth Dimension.

Mr. Johnson was aware that something had happened. Thinking his bundles still tightly clasped in his arms, he moved closer, in time to see the removal of a pitiful form that was once a human being. How strange he felt. The Christmas packages scattered on the snow covered ground looked so much like his own; but that could not be for he held them in his arms. He went home the usual way but how strange everything looked. He noticed things that he had never seen before and how quickly he arrived home.

Many colored lights danced before him and climbing the steps he entered the house. His wife was sitting in a corner of the room with her face in her hands and two sobbing children at her knee. Many of the kindly neighbors were there trying to comfort her. What did it all mean? No one seemed to notice him or speak to him. He advanced towards his wife and called her name but she did not even look up. "See" he cried: "I have brought you the presents."

A knock came upon the outside door and several men entered, carrying a mangled body. Mr. Johnson moved toward it. How similar it was to him. He shuddered and a chill wind seemed to strike him. He looked again and his wife was kneeling over the limp form and softly crying. Only his little daughter, Mabel, seemed to sense his presence. She seemed to understand, to realize that he was there in the room with them. Was her departed father living in a world outside of ours, in one of the Fourth Dimension?

We are living in a world of the third dimension, virtually in a world within a world, for many things are happening all around us that only a few are able to recognize and distinguish. We are told by scientists that the human ear is not tuned to catch many of the sounds all about us, that many of our departed friends are living with us but just beyond our reach in a world of the fourth dimension; that some of us are able to correspond with them through a medium is recognized by such eminent scientists as Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge.

—EDWARD W. JENKS.

Just a Window Was the Cause

Captain Smith was returning to Camp Humphries, Virginia, after a ten-days' visit at his home in New York. The trip was rather long and tiresome and he provided himself with reading matter before boarding the train. With his suit case and various magazines he took a seat and was soon absorbed in a most interesting story of Mary Roberts Rinehart's.

A noise across the aisle drew his attention to a young girl striving to lower the window. Gallantly he stepped over to her and offered to adjust the bothersome window. This done, he moved his coat and suitcase over to her side of the train and sat down in the vacant seat beside her. The girl was interesting and it was not until the train had stopped at his destination that he hurriedly picked up his things and with a hasty good-bye to the girl he left the train just as it started to pull out.

He arrived in camp at six o'clock and was told that the governor of the state was to meet all the officers that evening. As it was to be a very formal affair, his dress uniform was required. He had taken this home with him and after having dinner he went to his quarters to unpack his suitcase. He opened it—had his sister made him another sweater? When he left home his sweater was grey but this was blue and white. He looked for his uniform—a net evening gown took its place; pink silk stockings took the place of woolen socks; dainty slippers instead of tramping shoes. He pulled out yards and yards of feminine apparel—where had he found it? At home—certainly not. On the train—that was exactly the place they had been mixed. He had simply taken the girls' suitcase instead of his own. He would see about returning it at once. The name of her home town would probably be found on the case. Yes, it was! He sent it the next morning to the address found on the case and shortly after received his own.

Captain Smith was severely reprimanded for his not attending the meeting at which the Governor was present. The explanation to his Major was very embarrassing and never again will Captain Smith assist young ladies to lower windows.

—ELEANOR MEISEL.

Mr. Davis—"I have a good electric clock, now."
B. Langtre—"That's nothin', I have one that's a run about."
Mr. Davis—"Whad'ya mean, a runabout?"
B. L.—"Run about a minute."

Salesman (Book, of course)—"Is Mr. Hungerford in?"
Student—"No, he went out to lunch."
Salesman—"Will he be in after lunch?"
Student—"No, that's what he went out after."

JIMMY

Now Jimmy hadn't worried
Very much about the war,
He thought the fight would soon be past,
And life much as before.

He probably would have joined the ranks
Before the year was past,
But Uncle Sam said, "Now's the time,"
He came within the draft.

And Uncle Sam soon called him,
He was put in Class A-1,
And soon among the Sammies,
Took his place to fight the Hun.

And after months of training,
He was sent across to France
And was soon engaged in helping
To prevent the Hun advance.

When he saw the ruined cities
"German kultur" everywhere,
He knew why Uncle Sam had crossed,
To help them "over there."

Over No-man's land they hastened,
Their bayonets like shining swords,
In their minds but one idea,
To decrease the barbarous hordes.

When they saw the Yanks approaching,
"Kamarad" they cried with fear,
But if any were left standing,
All they heard was, "to the rear."

On they fought mid shell and shrapnel,
Air planes and barrage fire,
Poisonous gas in clouds came over,
Tanks went thundering o'er charged wire.

Then before the next day's battle,
Came, "The Armistice is signed,"
But the lads fought all the harder,
Made good use of fleeting time.

And they fought with vim and vengeance,
Till the last big gun was fired,
Then to get back to headquarters
Was the one thing they desired.

Soon they all were safe on shipboard,
Looking eagerly ahead,
When the ship sailed up the harbor,
It was then that Jimmy said:

"Now I know I've done my duty,
U. S. A. looks good to me,
And I want to stay forever,
In the land of Liberty.

—DOROTHY SARJEANT, '19.

A TRUE FRIEND

Someone to give us an assuring smile;
Someone always by our side to stand;
Someone that makes us seem worth while;
Someone to lend us a helping hand;
Who is it that helps us in every trial?
A friend in need!

Who is it that overlooks our mistakes;
Whose interest in us does not pall?
Who is it that faith with us, never breaks
Who gives us their very best and all,
Stands by with the courage it takes?
A friend indeed!

For sympathy, we will never miss,
No one else gives as much as a friend;
By them we live in earthly bliss;
They are true to us 'till the very end;
What gift of God is greater than this,
A true friend!

—V. RUTH EVANS, '20.

The Only One Left

In the suburbs of a large city stood a row of small, dilapidated houses. One of these houses was particularly noticeable, for in its window hung a service flag bearing two gold stars and one of blue. In this house lived an elderly lady in solitude, trying to be cheerful, although circumstances tried to hinder.

A few years before this home had been a happy one, but at the outbreak of the war the family ties were severed. The father who had been in service as a young man in the Spanish-American War, immediately volunteered his services to his country. On account of his recent services, he soon rose in the ranks to sergeant. After rendering such valuable services, he was sent over seas to engage in the world's greatest war. Three months passed with no word from him, and finally a message came, but it was fatal. By degrees he had reached the rank of lieutenant, and was leading his men over the top, when the supreme scrifice came and his blue star turned to gold.

Soon after the father's enlistment his oldest son also joined "the colors," and after a few days he left his mother with her youngest son. He immediately sailed on a marine transport and made two successful trips, but on his third trip the ship was blown to pieces by a Hun destroyer. The boy was severely wounded and survived until he reached the shore and was placed in a hospital. While the doctor was examining him to find the extent of his wounds, he passed away and thus his blue star also turned to gold.

The mother, after all the great sacrifices, was still willing to give her son for his country's service. Before enlisting, the mother and son had a long interview, which ended in a farewell talk and the departure of her last real companion. After he had left, the mother sat quiet and meditated, and her chief thought was this: "He is too young to win any commission, I am afraid, but nevertheless I will have hopes."

The first few letters which came were full of boyish adventure, but soon the mother noticed her boy was changing into manhood. His letters seemed encouraging to his mother as he wrote: "I have won the friendship of my captain." The time soon fled away and the final orders came to embark for active service overseas. The journey across was a safe one, but immediately they entered into the heaviest of battles.

One morning before the sun had risen, the men of Co. F, 96th Infty., were going over the top, when suddenly the captain fell, and uttered a loud groan. In a moment, the young soldier was at his side, and noticing that his wounds were very severe, he lifted his captain upon his shoulder and started hastily away. He saw a Red Cross station in the distance, and as quickly as he could, carried the captain to it. They arrived there soon enough, and the surgeon was able to heal his wounds in a short time, due entirely to the young hero's bravery.

And so at last the only son of a widowed mother became the greatest hero possible, and when his mother received the letter from the lieutenant of his company recording her son's heroic deed, she said: "Greater love hath no man than that of being willing to sacrifice his own life for his friends." And so the youngest son of the mother, who did not expect her son to attain any honors in army life, became a great hero in the world's greatest war.

—ALICE WEST, '20.

THE HOME-GATHERING

When the Allied Flags are floating,
O'er the streets of old Berlin,
We'll be going to the New York dock,
To watch the boys come in.
When the boats from dear old Europe
Come floating o'er the sea,
And we see the lads in khaki,
We know the world is free.

The harbors of that city
Will be crowded with those boats;
Cheers will be raised for the laddies
Who got the Kaiser's goat.
The soldiers in their khaki's
Will cheer loudly as they see,
The Statue of Liberty welcoming them
From their trip across the sea.

The piers of that dear old city
Will stand with opened gates,
The khaki lads of the U. S. A.
Will see familiar old landscapes.
The church bells will be chiming,
Those good old wedding bells,
Then we will know the meaning of
The Story, The Old Bell Tells.

—ALICE WEST, '20.

It Takes a Woman

"Psst! Meow!" This was the greeting which Fluffy, the angora cat, gave to Tuffy, the bull pup who lived around the corner.

"Grr!" answered Tuffy. This was the danger sign for Fluffy. She leaped to the top of the fence and clung there, back arched, big green eyes gleaming, and tail ruffled up until it was nearly twice its natural size.

Thus they stood glaring at each other until a sharp bark from Tuffy showed that the battle was on. And such a fight as it was! Fluffy sprang down from the fence and landed on Tuffy's back, where she dug her sharp claws into his back. Tuffy snapped at her and bit at her, rolling over in his effort to dislodge her. Fur flew. Barks and wails rent the air!

The struggle continued long and heatedly until Tuffy, with one long, last yelp of anguish, tucked his tail between his legs and ran for home, leaving Fluffy to lie in the sun and nurse her wounds. In spite of her dilapidated condition she was perfectly contented. At last she had "licked that horrid Bull."

—GERTRRUDE TENNANT.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

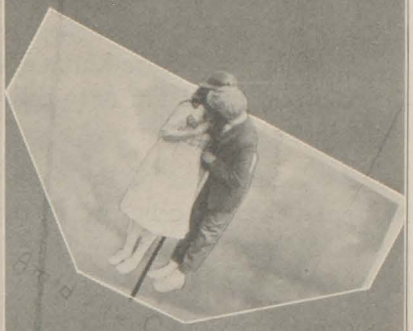
Two Seniors open the door in haste,
Dash madly up the stair,
The deathly silence of the halls
Near drives them to despair.
They aim their things a locker at
Where they land, you never can tell
And just as the couple approach the door,
Alas, the tardy bell.

—DOROTHY SARJEANT.

LINES TO THE KAISER

A line of aeroplanes of very great length
Before the Kaiser showing our strength;
A line of "Y" huts under fire, don't fear it,
Kept by our brave men to show our spirit;
A line of war workers from east to west
Working so hard and doing their best;
A line of khaki leaves the Kaiser no chance—
Now one loud cheer for our boys in France.

—V. RUTH EVANS, '20.



Autobiography of a Pencil

Now in my leisure hours I will begin my story. As you know I am getting old. In fact I am only a little stub now but in my younger days I was eight inches tall.

As I came out of the factory one bright morning I felt very proud. I had good reason to be proud, too, for I was drafted. There was no crowd to see us off and we were shipped away in boxes but that made no difference to us.

I went to sleep on the train and when I awoke we were at Camp Custer. I was addressed to a Y. M. C. A. hut and went there immediately. They were expecting me and I got right into the show case. My regular selling price was ten cents but I noticed they marked me five. I was glad because only rich fellows have enough money to blow on ten cent pencils and I don't like them.

I didn't stay in the window long though because a private came along and bought me. He sat down at a table and proceeded to start a letter home. He wrote a long letter home and said it would be his last for a while because he was "going over." I was glad to hear that because I wanted to see the sights.

We finally "went over" but not for five weeks after he said we would. I was nearly worn out but still I hoped to get a shot at a Hun.

At last when we landed in France I saw a Boche but he was a captive so I didn't hurt him. I saw his lead pencil though and it was yellow. I didn't even waste words on it.

After I was trained some more I went to the trenches. I was nearly gone then but was still of use. The first night the square heads came over. My private was in a dug-out and didn't have his gun near him, so he grabbed me and punched me into a big Hun. The fellow yelled and fell over just as if he was hurt. We then jumped on him and disarmed him. When the Boches were beaten back my private wrote another letter home. This said that he was sending by the first mail a coal skuttle (alias German helmet) and also me. He said to please keep them both for him.

So, friends, here I am and I've signed a Liberty Loan poster since I've been back.

—TAYLOR SUMMERS.

R. Dyer—"Can you chew gum in the library?"
Librarian—"No, but you can chew it in your mouth."

Freshie—"Fishin'?"
Senior—"No, just drowning worms."

EXAMINATIONS!

There are days your hand feels shaky,
And you head feels kind of achey,
When the atmospheric pressure
Seems oppressive beyond measure,
In each class a blue book greets you,
And you know that cards are due,
So you set your mind a-humming,
For you know there's something coming
Examinations!

Then you take that last long glance,
For something you'd have perchance,
Then you close your book in haste,
For there's little time to waste.
And you see the first strange question,
You are puzzled beyond mention,
For as you think and think and think,
Your spirits sink and sink and sink.
Examinations!

Then you write with all your might,
Things you really think aren't right,
O, for some good information,
On that intricate translation,
You hand it in, in such a hurry,
Thinking, that's past, I'll not worry,
But you can't help wondering when
She will hand them back again.
Examinations!

Well, they're handed back at last,
And you wonder if you've passed,
And you take it quick to see,
If you have that bright red "E"
But the mark that meets your eye,
Well—it's just passed seventy-five,
And you sigh in great relief,
Wonder why you've wasted grief,
On examinations!

—DOROTHY E. SARJEANT.

No Questions Asked

The old man raised his head from his arms and looked into the fire. It seemed as if he could see his two boys, Charlie and Bob, playing as they did when they were youngsters. The flames leaped higher and then after the final spurt died out slowly, Mr. Grayson was alone with his thoughts.

He took the letter that he had held in his hands all this time and put it carefully away. The letter showed marks of age because it had been read and reread many times. It was soiled and ragged as letters become when handled very much.

When first Mr. Grayson heard of the death of his son, Charles, he went about in a semi-dream. The news was so abrupt, so unexpected. Somehow he had never imagined that his big, strong, healthy son should ever be taken from him. The realization came in the form of a simple note from the government. "Dear Sir: We are grieved to tell you that your son, Charles Grayson, was killed in action, August 12, 1918."

As he thought of it all now, he could hardly swallow the lump that would rise in his throat. He sought comfort in the letter from a Red Cross nurse. She had written, sympathizing with him and telling him of his son's extraordinary bravery. Little Pierre, the regiment's mascot, had followed Father Louvois when he went to pray for the dying, out in No Man's Land. Although not hurt he was in immediate danger from stray shells. Charlie Grayson at the risk of his life had gone out and brought him in, or rather brought him near enough to the trenches, that when he was struck by a piece of flying shrapnel, they both could be dragged to safety. It was no wonder that the father read the letter with mingled pride and sorrow.

As he ate his solitary supper which the maid had served, the evening's paper was brought to the door. Its large glowing headlines "The Victoria Sunk," struck chill into many hearts but not into the old man's. Although Mr. Grayson had word from his other son, Bob, not to write again because he, Bob, expected to sail for home, soon and though he did not know the name of the boat his son was on, he did not fear. He had given Charlie to the grand cause, he couldn't be asked to give up his baby, his only remaining son. No, he had done his share for democracy's sake. They wouldn't take Bob.

A door slammed, jarring the entire house. Then quick steps towards his room. The door opened—. "Dad!" "Bob! My Son!" Robert was home—no questions asked.

—G. ADAMS, '20.

The Appearance of the Lost

A story suggested by the reading of Poe's and Hawthorne's works.

The night was very gray and weird. I kept trotting on and on to the humble abode that at one time was a very happy home, which seemed to bar all sorrow from entrance, where the sunbeams seemed to play most joyfully as if it were a playground made for them alone. As it was no longer a home but just a mere place of shelter, it seemed as if I were coming out of the nowhere and going into the vast nowhere.

In the distant foreground, objects seemed to be crawling, some walking, others remaining still. Almost invisible they were. As I advanced some of them seemed to vanish into the dark horizon, or against the dark forest far in the distance, as if conscious of the fact that someone was approaching. Then again they reappeared boldly, as if fearless of man power.

After miles of traveling through that "ghoul haunted" forest I came to my destination which stood by the roadside. With hesitating steps, slowly I went up the well-worn path leading to the house.

I opened the door which uttered moans that could be interpreted in almost innumerable phrases of warning.

As I entered, a tall, dark figure appeared in the center of the room as if placed there by some unknown power. I stood motionless, and, as I stared at the figure, it changed from that horrifying symbol of death to a beautiful living creature. With outstretched arms she turned slowly towards me. "'Twas my beloved" the face that has haunted me since the hour she was taken from me.

I rushed towards her to catch her in my arms but,—only to find myself in a heap on the floor. She was gone, never to return.

—GUY MANUEL.

AMONG OUR FRIENDS

Etta Napple
Arthur Mometer
Maxi Mum
Clara Nette
Ella Vater
Ada Clock
Eve Dently
Nina Clock
Lena Genster
I. D. Clair
Bill Ding
Cora Nette
Imo Tawns
Minne Mumm
Miss My Link
Minne Nette
Imo O. Cumber

Schools

A school is an institution where children are taught the difference between their right and left hand. They are usually run on the same scale as our penal institutions, but are much more severe. The inmates have a regular schedule to which they become accustomed after ten or fifteen years of hard labor. The only difference between these great institutions is that at Sing Sing, Jackson, and other preparatory colleges the work is more in the form of manual labor while in the schools it requires more of a mental effort, but the effect is the same.

As bread and water is the life and hope of every convict, so the right psychological attitude is necessary to the welfare of every student—but it is a rare disease.

The victim, being usually seated, is bombarded from morning until night with questions, until nearly unconscious; and yet such an evil exists. The famous remark of Booker T. Washington to the effect that "The pen is mightier than the sword" delivered in an address at the "Colored Coon's Conference" should be an inducement to all young students who are thinking of continuing their course through school. —PAUL SAINT DENNIS.

FRIDAY'S THEME

I came to school on Friday,
With thought that all was well,
So if the teacher called on me,
I could arise and tell.

I gaily went to first hour room,
And many books I carried.
Just as happy as a groom,
The first day he was married.

Second hour classes passed,
Still nothing barred my gleam,
For the thought ne'er dawned upon me,
Of handing in a theme.

The teacher came up to me,
And said: "Where is your theme?"
But all that I could think of was,
I'd have it by three-fifteen.

She fixed a stare upon me,
'Twas one as if to hate.
And said, "I'll take off thirty points
On themes, if passed in late." —GUY MANUEL, '20.

Sidewalks and Teachers

There is practically no difference between a sidewalk and (some) teachers. They are both naturally straight and although a teacher usually complains of being imposed upon the sidewalk never grumbles. Then, too, the same starey expression is noticeable on each.

If one is unfortunate enough to slip upon a sidewalk it teaches him a lesson, but with teachers slipping is not necessary, although they often do fall.

In a sidewalk the principle constituents are gravel and cement but in teachers wood and ivory are the most important factors.

Of course this applies only to some sidewalks and some teachers. The sidewalks in England are made of concrete but "English" teachers are usually possessed of great mental faculties.

—PAUL SAINT DENNIS.

"OVER THE TOP" TO BERLIN

Be ready for the word, boys,
At four o'clock a. m.
The drums will beat,—
And with scurrying feet
We'll go "Over the Top" to Berlin.

Don't bother to keep in line, boys,
Just rush ahead at your will.
Then kill the Hun,—
It will be great fun,
And as the captain said: "Give 'em H—!
3:55 A. M.

Pass the word down the line, boys,
We're going in five minutes more
Then the Huns will say:
"'Tis the end of our day,
So long, Comrade, I saw you at four."

Such noises were never heard before,
And such an awful din.
As our brave boys and their comrades,
Went "Over the Top" to Berlin!

—MILDRED McINNIS, '21.

Overslept

Robert awoke with a start. "Mother!" he called, "Mother!" No answer. "That's funny," he thought. "I wonder where mother can be. She is usually just getting dressed when I wake up. She can't be downstairs. It's too early." Then a sudden thought came to him and he made a dash for his watch. It was nine o'clock!

"Jimminy!" he exclaimed, and began putting on his clothes in the greatest possible haste. "Why I'll be late for school."

His hasty toilet being completed, he ran down the stairs, two steps at a time, stopping only long enough in the hall to catch his cap before he rushed out of the house and down the street in the direction of the school.

When he reached the school he immediately proceeded to his room where he was confronted by the teacher who was rather out of sorts.

"Your excuse, Robert," she demanded.

"Why," he faltered, "I haven't any."

"But why were you tardy?" she persisted.

"I overslept."

"Very well, you may go and see Mr. Hungerford about it then. I won't have you in here."

With lagging steps he wandered down the hall toward the office, hoping against hope that Mr. Hungerford would not be there. But when he reached the office he found, much to his dismay, that, that estimable gentleman was there.

"What is it this time?" the principal asked. "What! Late again!" he said when Robert had stated the cause of his presence. "You know what I said would happen the next time such a thing occurred? Well, I shall keep my word. You are suspended for two weeks. Don't come back then unless you can be on time, thereafter. You may go."

Robert left the building with a heavy heart. Many thoughts whirled in his brain. What would his mother and father say! Would this suspension lower his marks so much that he would be expelled from athletics!

"Oh, darn!" he exclaimed, savagely kicking the curb-stone. "Ouch!" was his next remark for the curb-stone was not as soft as he would have desired.

Wandering down Huron Avenue, he approached Military Street bridge. The bridge was roped off as it was going to rise to allow a boat to pass down the river.

"I guess I can make it," said Robert, and he slipped under the rope and started running across the bridge. When he had nearly reached the center of it he uttered a startled exclamation and started to retrace his steps. But he was too late.

The bridge was slowly rising, rising, when————Robert woke up. "Why," he said grinning sheepishly, it was all a dream."

—GERTRUDE TENNANT.

THE KAISER'S PRAYER

I am von leetle Deutschman,
Not a Cherman, understand
I vear nice vooden shoes,
Und Holland ish **my** land.
Der Chermans ain't no goot!
Ach! Nein!! !
But dere's some folks **ve** know
What don't stick up vor der Kaiser,
So, you see, dere not **all** der same.

De Kaiser vas a goot man, **vonce,**
But dat's all done gone und forgot.
Every night I hear him praying to his Gott,
Und he always say;
"Oh Lort Gott, help me lick dem
Yankee man,
Dat liff in der country by der
name of Uncle Sam.
You **know** I'ff always liked you,
Und helped you **all** I coot,
Und den you turn around to me,
Und say: "Ach! Nein! No goot!"
"Vy do you say dot? I vish you'd tell
Und maybe it'll safe me vrom
going down to Hell!
'Cause, you see, dere's 'bout ten
chances to de von
Dot ven **I'm** all drue and done,
Dot de Debil vill beckon to me und say:
"Vot for **you** go to Heaven?
You come **dis** vay!"

—MILDRED McINNIS, '21.

Freshie—"Are the beds of oysters made up with sheets of water?"
Senior—"Yes, and they sometimes have springs in them."

"Is Annie Laurie a hymn?"
"No, Annie Laurie is a her."

REPORT CARDS

The Last of Report Cards!!?
O, what a joy life must have been,
When report cards were unknown,
And if one worked or if he played,
The results were never shown.

And even the jo-jo wasn't so bad,
If you only had thought so then,
For it was sent directly home,
Somewhere about half-past ten.

And if the mail had been delayed,
Or you didn't go home 'till night,
The evil thing might be o'erlooked,
Or at least would be out of sight.

But O, the way they run things now,
You can't fool them that you're smart,
You must present the card yourself,
And O those tell-tale marks!

The higher marks seem small and few,
And the lower ones immense,
You've camouflaged them long enough,
Now use your common sense!

You argue strong and strenuously,
But your arguments are void,
You cross their questions back and forth,
Until you all are so annoyed.

You vow you'll raise those marks next month
And in your mind you see all "A's,"
But as the month goes flying by,
The "A's" quite naturally fade.

Now as a favor to this class
Of Seniors who've worked so hard (!!)
We ask that never again this school
Will issue a report card.

—DOROTHY E. SARJEANT.

Indorsed by the Senior class!

Class Songs

As a result of the wave of school spirit which struck Port Huron High School, the Senior Class adopted the following songs.

GAMES

(Words by Dorothy Sarjeant)
Music—"Smiles"

There are games won by the Juniors,
There are games won by the Sophs,
There are games that frighten all the Freshmen,
Wonder how it is they could have lost,
There are games when all unite their forces,
Fight for school regardless of the past,
But the game that every Senior longs for,
Is the game won by our own class.

"WE'LL BE THERE"

(Words by Dorothy Sarjeant)
Music—"Over There"

Seniors fall in line, now's the time, pay your dime,
Let them know you're here, make them fear,
make them cheer,
Get your pennants, banners, too,
Make the whole school proud of you.
Show them that you're fit, where's your grit,
do your bit,
Play with all your might, make them fight,
do it right,
Fly your colors everywhere,
And then line up to your dare:

Chorus

We'll be there, we'll be there,
Seniors all, large and small, short and tall,
And we're ever ready and firm and steady,
Our boys are worth it one and all,
Back the team, give them steam,
Right and left, get in step, show your pep,
They'll be happy, now make it snappy,
And it's Rah! Rah! Rah! for the team that
beats them all.

Junior Class Song

(Words by Margaret Akers and Ruth Sturmer)

Tune—"Are You from Dixie"

Are you for 20
For 19-20
We're the best class in the Port Huron High.
We're always ready, we're firm and steady
We're a class that's tried and true
If you're from England, Ireland, Russia or
from old Japan
We don't care just where you come from—any land
If you're from 20, just cheer for 20
And for dear old Port Huron High.

(Words by Margaret Akers and Ruth Sturmer)

Tune—"N'Everything"

For we're the class of nineteen twenty and for
Port Huron High,
And 20's loyal to the red and white and
Port Huron High.
We're only Juniors, it is true
But some day we'll show you
That it's not all a bluff, we've really got the stuff
United firm we stand
For we're a class of earnest purpose and intention
We'd like to show you that we are without pretention
Our watchword's spirit—Pep and Go
You're a slacker if you're slow,
So come on give a cheer
For twenty and for Port Huron High.

ORGANIZATIONS

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The seventh session of the House of Representatives met in Mr. Anderson's room shortly after the beginning of the school term. The object of the meeting was to elect officers for the year. The following officers were elected:

Speaker	Ross Scupholm
Clerk	Russel Norris
Treasurer	George Silhavy
Sergeant-at-Arms	William McCracken
Student Correspondent	Leonard Little
Times-Herald Correspondent	Allan Minne

On account of military drill, influenza, and other handicaps, the meetings of the House were irregular at the beginning of the term but were usually held on Monday night between 7:30 and 8:30 o'clock. Later in the term the House took advantage of Monday afternoon after military drill had been dispensed with on that day. Shortly after this states were assigned and the members were also put on various important committees. One object of the House is to stimulate interest in parliamentary law. The referee instructs the House on different points of parliamentary law. The time from 3:20 to 4:00 is set aside for routine business and parliamentary practice, and after 4:00 bills are discussed.

In former years the debating team of the House represented the Port Huron High School in the debating league. This year, however, a change has taken place. A debating club has been formed in the school which now represented the school. The House still studies debating and has its teams which represent the House.

The leading high schools of the state continue to have House organizations although the Federation has not held a convention for two years. These high schools are:

Grand Rapids Central.
Detroit Central.
Detroit Eastern.
Detroit Western.
Ann Arbor.
Muskegon.
Bay City.
Saginaw.
Petoskey.
Cadillac.
Lansing.
Port Huron.

A convention will be held later in the winter of the federated Houses, an invitation having been extended by the local House to the other Houses of the state to meet in this city. Plans for entertaining these guests are

already under way and the occasion is expected to be one of the red letter days for the Port Huron House of Representatives. We feel that these Houses of the larger cities have been established to remain with us and that they are supplying a part of the high school education which cannot be overlooked by any student.

Arrangements are under way for several debates with the Houses of the Federation. The following questions will be discussed at one or more of these debates:

Minimum Wage.
Immigration.
League of Nations.
Government Ownership.
Tariff.

The House in the future will give an oratorical contest. The following Representatives have applied for admittance:

Representative Edward Jenks.
Representative Lloyd Reid.
Representative George Silhavy.
Representative Allan Minne.
Representative Russel Norris.
Representative Leonard Little.
Representative Frank Crimmins.

A glee club has been organized entirely of House members under the supervision of Miss Fraser. The initial rehearsal was a success and the House thanks Miss Fraser most sincerely for devoting her time helping the glee club.

Although the meetings are open to visitors at any time, the House is now arranging for several public programs to which we extend an invitation to the general public as well as to teachers and pupils of the high school. These programs will be furnished entirely by House members, musical as well as literary. We want you to come and see what the House is doing.

The number of **hard working members** of the House is larger than any previous year in the history of the House as shown by the following roster:

Theodore Anderson, Faculty Referee

Ross Scupholm, Speaker
Russel Norris, Clerk
George Silhavy, Treasurer
Wm. McCracken, Sergeant-at-Arms
Leonard Little, Student Correspondent
Allan Minne, Times-Herald Correspondent
Lloyd Reid
Sam Sullivan
Curtis Chalcroft
George Norris
Dudley Field
Harry Magahay
George McInnis
Carl Lasher
John Allen
Frank Crimmins
Frances Appel
Charles Taylor
Bertrand Baker
Harold Waugh
Arno Pressprich
Charles Conant
Edward Jenks
Albert Stevenson
Paul Brown
Kenneth DeGraw
Roy Brothwell
Fred Baker
Sam Stetcher

THE NEW DEBATING CLUB

While in the past our school has accomplished some excellent things in debating there has been a general feeling both in the faculty and among the students that more could be done. High schools that do the most in this exciting and interesting kind of contest usually have an organization devoted to it exclusively. This is the object and the need of the new Port Huron High School Debating Club.

This club aims to be truly representative of the school and opens its doors to both men and women. It will be the organization which takes care of all the debating activities of this school with other schools. It is organized under a constitution and by-laws which provide for its regular officers and a faculty critic. The critic oversees all the activities of the club, criticises, and gives instructions in debating.

To be able to think on one's feet, and to express one's self in clear, correct, and forcible English are objects worth striving for. To this end the Debating Club is trying to arouse and maintain an interest in public speaking.

In a democracy public speaking is bound to be an important means of transmitting ideas to the public. Nothing will take the place of the spoken word. Consequently one is not really educated until he has developed himself to the utmost in this respect. If the general public were educated to intelligent argument it would be far less easy for the advocate of the "frothy" issues that so commonly occupy public attention to keep in the public eye. If every high school student should devote some of his time in school to debating it would make for a more intelligent discussion of public questions and then a better democracy.

V. E. CROSSLEY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

The school season opened this year with every prospect of a long continued war. No one had an idea that it would soon terminate. Consequently, in order that the Port Huron high school might "do its bit" a military training unit was organized. A large number of those who left the institution last year were already in the service, some from this year's enrollment were about to go soon, and all were expecting in the future to shoulder a rifle in defense of their country's ideals. Realizing that the untrained civilian is as ineffectual against trained troops as the fabled herd of deer against the lion, the boys were practically unanimous in their support of the unit. Over one hundred eighty turned out for drill, and with such vim and energy have they pursued the work that at the end of the semester their progress in the thing they have studied shows it to have been more than was expected.

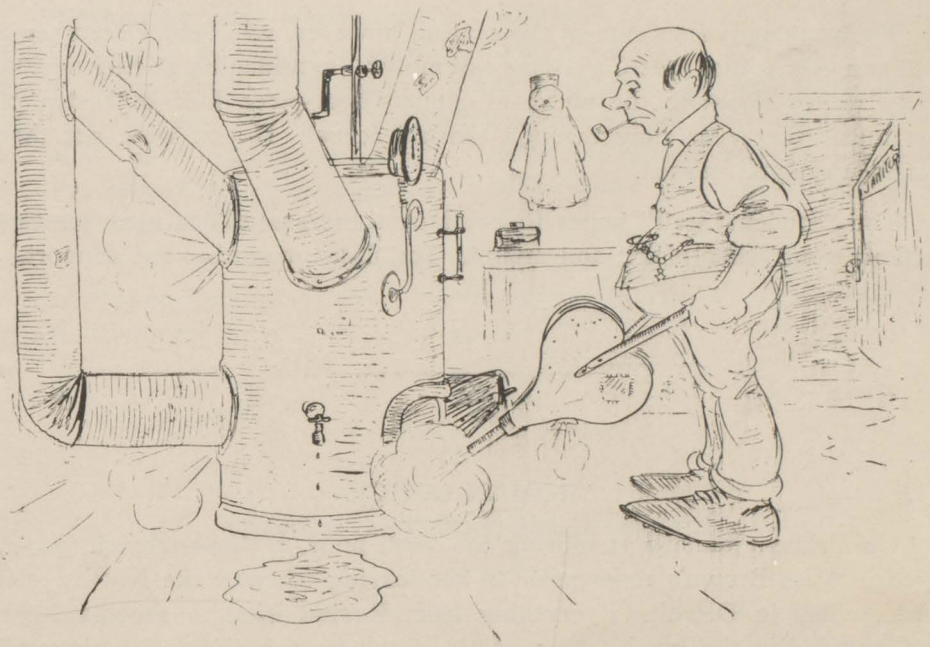
The military appearance of the unit is greatly improved by the arrival

of uniforms which were ordered early in the fall. With the company lined up on Broad street now it makes one feel that should another great war come it will not find America unprepared.

Now that the war is over, the organization is turning its eyes to the future. The American people are resolved that never again will an emergency find them so woefully wanting as this last. "No one knows," says Major General Wood, "how many American boys lie under the sod in France because we had no rational system of military instruction." Now, when there is no immediate call for military proficiency it takes moral courage and stamina to drill, drill, drill, day after day. But the highest kind of patriotism is not that, that makes the most noise but rather that which quietly goes about the tasks as they come, in order that the country may be ready in the time of need. So then the Military Training Unit of the Port Huron high school is looking to the future—the spirit of the times!

—V. E. CROSSLEY.

Noon "Singing"!



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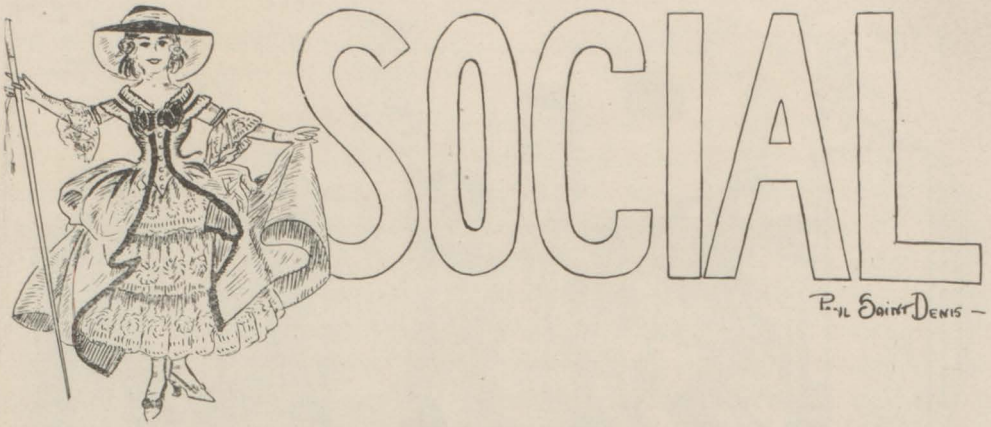


ASSEMBLIES

Friday, October 18th, was the date of the first assembly given by the "Student Staff." Then followed five long weeks and not a single opportunity to trip the light fantastiic, about the halls of P. H. H. S. How cruel are the tricks of Fate! But at last Fate relented and Friday, November 29th, the assemblies opened again with a splendid attendance.

The pronounced success of the season, however, was held December 20. Will you ever forget that Christmas assembly? Just imagine gliding over the newly waxed floors to the music of Simm's four-piece Jazz orchestra, the best music that ever rung through the old school. If you were not there, that is what you missed.

The "Student Staff" hopes to continue these assemblies next semester, so show your school spirit and attend. The Student needs your support.

ROMAN LUNCH

On Friday, January 31, during the sixth hour, a Roman lunch was enjoyed in Miss Brown's room prior to her leaving to enter the Northwestern High School in Detroit. Everything from Roman wine to chocolate chips was included in the lunch. As a result of the former dissipation there was unusual levity and gayety for a Latin class. In fact Wilber Sylvester so far forgot himself as to lose control of his wine glass and spill the contents on the immediate assembly. The violent outburst of laughter caused by this was what probably frightened the freshmen in the next room. After the feast, pictures of the assemblage were taken. It is doubtful whether they will turn out good at Ruth Gerrie had one of her violent paroxysms in each one. The party was certainly a great success.

SENIOR ELECTION

September 18, 1918, the Senior Class was called to order by former President, Ross Scupholm, for the purpose of electing the officers for the Class of 1919. A very spirited meeting was held. Upon that memorable date Leonard Little was made president by a large majority.

After much discussion it was moved, seconded and passed that a nominating committee make a list of nominations for the remainder of the class officers and for the "Student Staff." In accordance with this motion another meeting was held October 11. Miss Browne and Miss Northrup were chosen class advisors. Frances Smith was elected vice-president and Neva Schell, secretary. Edith Browne was made treasurer and has proven herself worthy of the office.

SENIOR-FRESHMAN PARTY

Immediately after school Friday, September 27, the Seniors entertained the Freshmen. The party was well attended especially by the Freshmen. The first part of the afternoon was spent in games. The party was divided into four colleges and many interesting contests took place between them. One of the most interesting contests, was the elopement race, in which one of our worthy Senior boys eloped with a Freshman and even carried off the prize for doing it so quickly.

The latter part of the afternoon was spent in dancing to Marjorie Brown's tuneful melodies. At 5:30 the company departed after a very enjoyable afternoon.

SENIOR GET-TOGETHER PARTY

Among the social events of this year, was the Senior's "Get-Together Party."

At 6:00 o'clock supper was served to the ever-hungry members of the Senior Class, after which dancing was enjoyed.

Miss Northrup by her "Naturel Magik" could almost invariably tell us the stars of English seven, and many other wonderful points about our character, which has proved her to be a genuine fortune teller.

The company departed at 8:45 after a very enjoyable evening.

FAREWELL PARTY

Thursday evening, January 30, the school was the scene of much gaiety mingled with regret. The occasion was a farewell party given in honor of the Senior Advisor, Miss Brown who was leaving for Detroit, where she will teach at Northwestern High.

Supper was served at six o'clock to sixty Seniors and their advisors. At the close of the feast, Leonard Little made a remarkable speech expressing the regrets of the class of 1919 at losing such a good advisor who had done so much for us. He then presented her with a week-end suitcase as a mark of appreciation from the Senior Class. Dancing was then enjoyed until nine o'clock. After wishing Miss Brown much success in the future, the company departed.

JUNIOR ELECTION

The first meeting of the Junior Class was held Sept. 28, 1918. There was a good attendance, as the officers were to be elected for the coming year. Eugene Lewis, the president of our Sophomore past, acted as chairman, and the nominations were lively and interesting, everyone doing his bit.

Those elected were, Albert Hogan, president, who has already shown his ability to handle the class; Gertrude Hall, vice-president; Frances Moore, secretary; Curtis Chalcraft, treasurer, another who is doing fine work in his department; and Bud Mueller, sergeant-at-Arms. The last year's advisors were reelected. Miss McRoberts and Miss Hartsig had this honor.

JUNIOR PARTY

One of the most delightful social events of the school year was the party given by the Junior Class, at the high school on Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, in honor of Miss McRoberts, who is leaving for Oberlin, to continue her education.

At 5:30 supper was served at tables decorated with the class colors, maize and blue, and hearts and dancing cupids. After which dancing was enjoyed

with music furnished by Russel Simms (leader of the Simm's Jazz Orchestra).

Miss McRoberts was presented with a purse, in appreciation of the work she has done and the interest she had shown. The speakers of the evening were Calreton Hill, Gordon Tappan, Albert Hogan, Frances Moore, and Isabel MacLaren, who expressed the regret of the class at the loss of Miss McRoberts, their advisor for the past two years. Also much credit ought to be given to Elizabeth Welch and Gertrude Hall, who had a great part in making the party a "Huge Success."

SOPHOMORE ELECTION

The Class of 1921 gathered for their first meeting of the year on September 27. A fine class spirit was displayed by the large attendance. The officers elected for the following school year are as follows: President, William Hartman; vice-president, Mavis Warner; secretary, Frances Smith, treasurer, Russell Simms. The advisors chosen were Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Miss Chapin.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman Class of 1918 has plenty of pep but owing to the influenza we were disappointed, in not having our class party. The Senior-Freshman party which occurred in October, was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the Freshman Class is always well represented at the assemblies. Only give us time, and we will outshine them all for we can, and we will.

THE FRESHMAN ELECTION

An exciting election, at which Miss Brown presided, was held late in January. Mac Watterworth was elected president; Jeanne Ryan, vice-presi-

dent; Myrtle Harper, secretary; Francine Fead, treasurer and Edward Moore sergeant-at-Arms. Miss Blake and Miss Everham were chosen class advisors.

WHO SAID "PEP"

For some reason or other some people have the idea that P. H. H. S. has no "pep." It has! Who attended the Football banquet? If you did you certainly know what "pep" is. It was one of the biggest events of the year.

The banquet was in charge of Anna Fead, Lucile King and Marguerite Baer. Toasts were given by Harold Hart, Dr. Crissman, Coach Maxey, Mr. Phillips, Lucille King, Sam Sulilvan and Supt. H. A. Davis.

Harold Hart, president of the Athletic Association acted as toast master. Dr. Crissman gave a very interesting speech on the "Stability of the Young Man" and the "Future Life."

Coach Maxey and Sam Sullivan responded for the football team.

Mr. Davis' speech was on the "Convenience of the High School."

The dining room was decorated with flags and football robes. The tables that were artistically aranged about the room were decorated with beautiful ferns. Music was furnished by Russel Simms.

The out of town guests were Harold Hill, David Watterworth, Gordon Maitland and Bob Farr.

Yells were given by students for the 1918 team.

Royal Manhood

True, royal manhood is indeed imperial, for it needs not crowning it is crowned already, and is supreme in all lands, all ages, all worlds.

The need of today is not for physicians, lawyers, poets, preachers, statesmen, but for men—real royal manhood transcending all other needs. The most beautiful building in the United States and the finest library building in the world is the Congressional Library Building in Washington. Mr. Smithmeyer travelled everywhere, visiting famous buildings in all lands before he completed the plans for this princely structure costing six millions of dollars, and eight years in erection. Everywhere its visitor is greeted with names of the most famous men the ages have known.

As one stands under its dome he is spellbound and speechless.

High up in its dome above all its names of the celebrities this immortal sentence is written, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with God?"

And as this sentence crowns this stately monument, it proclaims to the world the real doctrine of royal manhood.

Man is greater than all else.

When God did his best he made not a star, nor picture, nor statue, but man. When Rubenstein was in America some years ago, a friend in New York city took him to church on a Sunday evening. They listened to a little preacher preach a little sermon on a sentimental theme.

The next Sunday evening the friend invited the great musician to go again. "I will," said Rubenstein, "but on one condition. You must take me to hear a man who will tempt me to do the impossible."

All can not be great, renowned men but each can strain to attain Royal Manhood.

How is it achieved?

"Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly with thy God."

These three requirements are simple and easily understood. They are not unknowable, insoluble, mysterious, difficult and a puzzle and they lie within reach of all. These three attainments are unpurchasable by money alone. Value is imperishable. They are the same in all climes and languages.

1. **To do justly.** That means be true to one's self. Justice is fairness, honesty, integrity. It never sacrifices for mere popularity. It is not, "the Shylock and his pound of flesh." Justice is to be done at any cost. "I want not money raised by injustice," said King Canute when he came to the throne. Justice means strength of character. It is essential to royal manhood.

2. **Love mercy.** Mercy is more than pity or compassion for the deserving. It is kindness to the unlikeable, unthankful and even the evil.

The pearl of the Beatitudes is "Blessed are the merciful."

George Eliot in "The Mill on the Floss" gives the legend of St. Ogg. which tells of the world's need and the comfort it needs.

3. **Walk humbly with God.** Mankind must stretch forth its hand to heaven in trust, if it is to reach down its hand to earth.

It is not the brilliant life that is demanded. Heroism that is obscure is often the most heroic.

Summarizing the three acquirements for Royal Manhood, we would say —"be true to yourself, to your fellowmen and to your maker."

Make this your slogan for the year 1919.

—REV. RALPH MACLAY CRISSMAN, D. D.

"We all must needs bewail the dimming of our shining star." But why should we let it grow dim? During our high school years it shines so brightly, but there is still, a small, inconstant murmur, "Will it be as I have dreamed?" We long to know, to test ourselves in real work and yet we are afraid that perhaps our ideals are not of the right stuff, after all. Perhaps real men do not follow a star.

All the alumni can say to those still in high school is, that after graduation, we enter another school, and so on through endless graduationns, and through it all, is traced the same fine spirit and room for our ideals to grow rather than be lost. The very qualities, endeavor, sincerity, sympathy, and "pep," that made our high school good, will help us in longer labors.

The graduates as well as members of any institution have it within their power to make or mar the name of their school. There is just now, the urgent demand that we fire our hearts with a new inspiration and try to live up in part, at least, to the undying glory some of our Alumnae and students have brought to the Port Huron high school through their service to their country.

At no time has there been such a call for the clear mind, the strong arm, and the light of high ideals. You may not always know how anxiously the community watches for each class to graduate, to see if it meets or goes above their expectations.

Each class, freshman to senior, can be the finest class of all, for you have the honor of the school behind you, and the inspiration of a big work to do in the future.

—AN ALUMNA.

EDITORIALS

HIP! HIP! HIP

What is spirit? Webster defines it as the state of being enterprising. What is class spirit, then? Simply an enterprising school or class which does things in a live manner. Then the question—has our high school real school spirit? Up to this year there seemed to be some doubt in regard to this, but at the present time general opinion says "yes."

There was little school spirit last year. The seniors and upper class men didn't show much of it. The games weren't very well attended, in fact no school activity was very well backed by the students.

Lately it has been different. We've been tired of wondering whether or not we have it. We have made up our minds we will have the real thing and we are getting it rapidly.

The last few games have been backed in the same whole-hearted manner in which our debate with Pontiac was backed. We have held up our debating club and our military training unit, and the girls' basketball team. We are getting the real school spirit and we are never going to lose it again.

—W. W. O.

K K K KATY

Where's our school orchestra? What's the matter with Port Huron high school in respect to its musical talent? Nothing. We have the talent—lots of it but not the means of presenting it to the public. We have pianists, violinists, cornetists, trombonists, and drummers galore—but no orchestra. All we need is some brave soul to volunteer and organize one. We have had any amount of talent in the past, too, but one never seems to hear of any "harmonious band" that existed then. We need an orchestra at our mass meetings —at our assemblies—and at our various school functions. Almost every small town school has one and a good one, too. Let's not be a back number.

Our faculty does not seem to yearn to organize one, so what do you say to we students organizing one ourselves? We can if we have any pep. You say we have a lot of pep? Well, then let's organize our school orchestra at once.

—W. W. O.

STUDENT CONTROL

Just what thoughts coursed through your mind and what thorn pricked your conscience, about four weeks ago, when the teachers calmly walked out and took up their familiar stations in the hall?

Undoubtedly you realized that Student Control had failed in Port Huron high school. You probably wondered why, while inwardly you knew it was because they had not, we had not, you had not made it a success.

Just consider what a great compliment was bestowed upon us, when the faculty decided that we, individually, and collectively, knew how to conduct ourselves through the few, small feet of hall space. We did not cherish the compliment, as we considered it a just one, and paid small heed to our buried consciences, as we dashed madly through the hall, or having collected in noisy bunches continued to fill the building with a boisterous multitude. The increasing noise and our daily lack of self control, only proved to the faculty, how apt, is human judgment to err.

To come to substantial fact, the failure resulted only from the lack of responsibility. Responsibility is the ability to act and answer for your actions. If every member of our school had developed just a little, the systems would not have ended in failure. But this is not the end for if we become even fifty per cent more responsible than we are at the present hour, the project of Student Control may, at some future date, be crowned with success.

Now, the faculty will never deprive us of any privilege whatsoever. Let us remember that even though the teachers are stationed in the hall we still have the opportunity of developing our personal responsibility.

The character of the school and the picture that it presents depend entirely on each of us individually.

AN ALL STAR CASTE

It's fine that at last our school can send more than nineteen delegates to its games. For that was the large number of high school students present at the second basket ball game of the season. You know we don't realize what stars we've got on our team. Look at Fred Moore and Baldy Bonnett for example—regular athletic Sarah Bernhardts. Do you remember how everybody exclaimed at the ridiculously empty house when divine Sarah came to town? Do you remember the things that were said in regard to Port Huron's love of art? And now, two of her rivals in another field get even smaller

houses for their efforts. This isn't positively their last tour perhaps, but even so we have a chance to see them for the small sum of twenty-five cents with a dance thrown in, when three years from now we'll be standing in line all night to get a seat in the top of the grandstand and be paying a small fortune for it, too. And then there's "Stew," and Dan Watts, and "Bus.' Look at them! Stars of the first magnitude.

Avail yourselves of your excellent opportunity, ladies and gentlemen!

—W. W. O.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Success is not appraised in dollars and cents, alone. It is not the simple achieving of fame. Nor is it, entirely, the actual realization of all our dreams. For had we but developed more of our possibilities, how much finer the tone of our dreams, how much more unattainable the goal.

The soul of man has never yet been filled to the measure of its want. He watches the daily growth of his ideal; sees the fulfillment of his sincerest wish, only to cast it aside as nothing for a faint, yet distinct, shadow of a finer ideal looms before his vision.

Do not be afraid to aim too high nor fear to fall too low. He is better far, who fixes as his mark, the star of Heaven, if he never rises from the earth than he who aims but to reach the horizon, though he soars to that very height.

Fix your mark today. It may change tomorrow but change of opinion is man's privilege provided it has been developed rather than retarded.

Make your own code of right and wrong, following the commandments of God and observing the conventions of man. You have been given a free will. Exercise it. It is wise to listen to the counsel of others, sift, sort and select that only, which will assist you in fulfilling your purpose in this life, to love and serve God. When once you have determined your course, follow it, unmoved by the criticism of those about you, unswayed by the opinion of man.

If you have fixed your mark; if you have climbed the ladder, thus far, never deviating neither from your purpose nor from your conception of right, then, truly you are a success. Only continue to climb, ever looking to new goals until finally you are a humble success in the eyes of your Creator.

—H. V. B.

THE "AWKWARD" SQUAD.

"SHERMAN WAS RIGHT."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Exchange Department is one of the most necessary in connection with The Student. We are exchanging with schools all over the country and we have an aim in doing so. This aim is to create an interest in other schools and to receive help and criticism which improves our Student each year.

The Student of Port Huron high school, like all others, has defects, but it is out-growing them very rapidly. Let us not criticise unless we are doing our utmost to help overcome these defects. And we would like the co-operation of all the students in looking out for new ideas.

The Exchange Students are left in the school library and we would like to see more pupils examining them in the future. Then come forth with new ideas and help to make "The Annual" one of the best ever put out by Port Huron high school.

EXCHANGES

On account of the schools being closed so long our exchange department is not as large as we hoped it would be, but we expect to hear from our old exchanges very soon.

1. "Prospectus," Flint, Mich. To the "Prospectus" we wish to say that we enjoyed your issue greatly, and also acknowledge you as one of our best exchanges. The cuts are exceptional.

2. "Carteret," Orange, New Jersey. Your editorials are certainly to the point. Why not have a few original jokes?

3. "The Lake Breeze," Cheboygan, Wisconsin. Your literary work is very commendable, and originality seems to be your slogan.

4. "The Weekly Almanian," Alma, Mich. This is a very snappy little paper.

5. "Said and Done," Muskegon, Mich. You are to be complimented on

your original jokes, but where are all your cuts? The article on School Spirit is very good.

6. "The Normal College Herald," Ypsilanti, Mich. Brief but spicey.

7. "The Western Normal Herald," Kalamazoo, Mich. This weekly paper is an exception for news.

8. "Hillsdale Collegian," Hillsdale, Mich. Yours is a very neat little paper, full of news and to the point.

9. "The Owl," Park Ridge, New Jersey. Your quotations are worth remembering, and as a whole your paper is well planned.

NOTES ON OTHER SCHOOLS

1. The University of Michigan has students from twenty-nine alien lands. China has the largest representation and South America ranks next.

2. The "Wooster Voice" reports that Wooster "flu" patients put their minds to work during their confinement to dormitories, and the result was a creditable play entitled, "In Flew Enza."

3. Albion conducted a contest between the men and women for supremacy in the last United War Fund. The contest ended in favor of the men and leaves Albion with $3,100 as her share in the fund.

4. Carteret Academy subscribed very heavily to the Fourth Liberty Loan, raising $170,300. The Boy Scouts of the school raised $28,000.

5. Sheboygan High won an honor flag in the Fourth Liberty Loan.

6. Normal College Representatives were selected by President Wilson to go to the peace conference. They are Dr. Bowman, Norman, 1904; Mark Jefferson, Professor of Geography in Normal College, and Mr. Chas. Stratton who took his A. B. degree with the college in 1914.

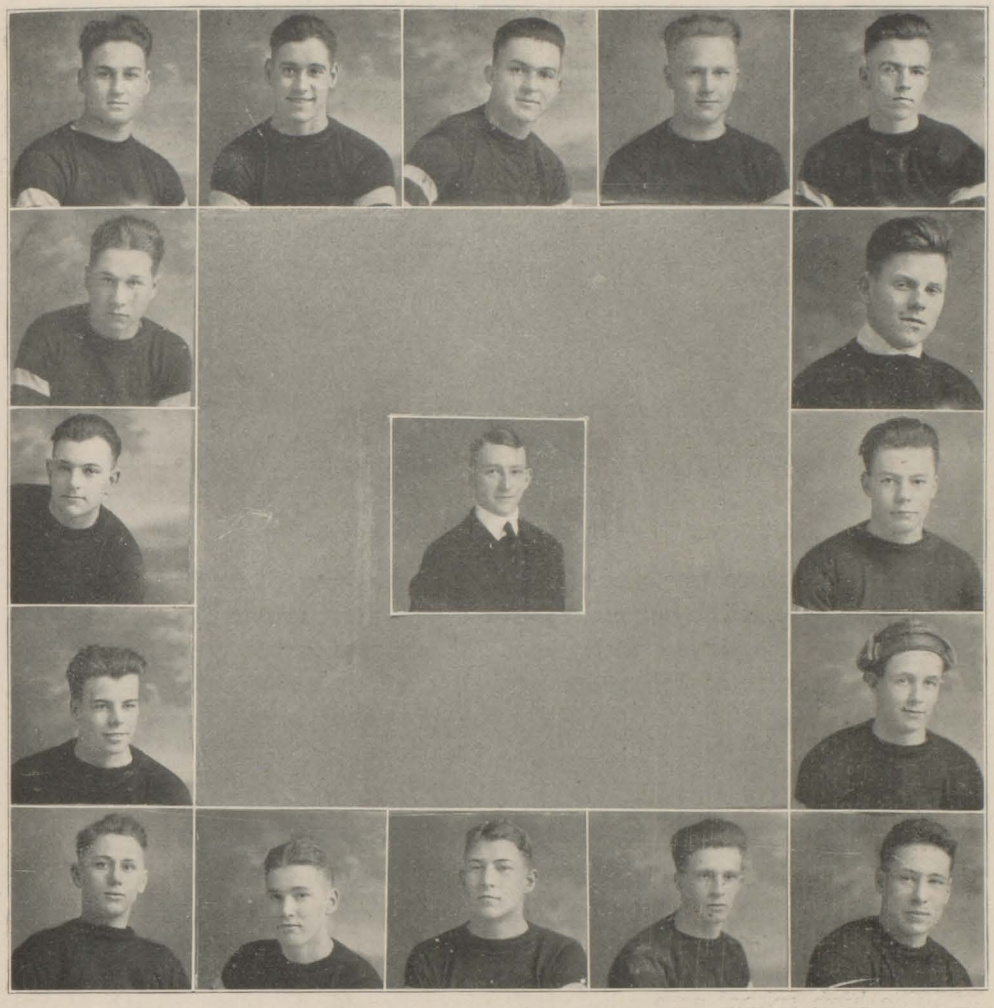
7. Ypsilanti Normal will offer Social Psychology in its Educational Aspectus next term.

8. The first class of teachers for the blind ever graduated in the United States was given diplomas at the commencement exercises at the social center house of the Grand Rapids Association for the Blind. They are fitted to teach basketry, typewriting, braille reading and sewing to the blind.

9. Hillsdale College girls have formed the Woman Student Association of Hillsdale College. The purpose of the Association is to further in every way the spirit of unity among the girls, to increase their sense of responsibility toward one another and to promote interests in physical education.

10. The 1919 Adytum, the Denison year book is expected to cost about $2,000. Four hundred dollars of this expense will be paid by the advertisers.

11. Muskegon High School has a Girls' Athletic Association. The members have swimming every other Wednesday, and are planning some afternoon hikes, ball games and general good times.



R. E.—Black Q. B.—Bonnett R. T.—Sulivan L. H.—Dixon L. E.—Nicholson
R. G.—Norris Sub.—Ross
L. T.—Stewart COACH MAXEY Sub.—Hartson
Sub.—Scupholm C.—McCracken
R. H.—Kleinstiver Sub.—Hill F. B.—Moore R. H.—French L. G.—Magahay

FOOTBALL

Nearly always the "Alley Bees" of a football team are written by some spectator, but for once it is up to the players themselves to write these "Alley Bees" just as they seem fit.

If anyone had any tears to shed over the results of the football games of 1918 they are shed and forgotten by now. So why bring back those old memories and start weeping again.

Whenever there was any weeping and gnashing of teeth over our defeats it never seemed to be any of the so-called "Port Huron high school rooters but rather the players themselves. True a few turned out to the games but they seemed to be going to a funeral rather than a football game. Well, we hope they were satisfied for the game most always was a funeral for our players.

The season of 1918 taken from a literary standpoint was a bawled up affair. The climax was at the beginning and the beginning was at the end. If the game with Croswell was the climax the anti-climax was reached about the game with Detroit Northwestern. That game was the best one of the season, and certainly surprised Northwestern.

The high school as a whole will never be able to repay Coach Maxey for the way he coached the football fellows. He never gave up hopes and his middle name is "Pep." The reputation of Port Huron high on the gridiron would be written in water if it were not for him. He coached the team with vim and vigor merely because he wanted to see Port Huron on the football map.

The only trouble with the team last year was that it was not "camouflaged" right. Now, if we would have had green socks it would have been much better, for then we would have looked like a garden and other teams would not have stepped on us so often for every one hates to step on a flower. In that way we would have had a better chance, for we could have scored

several times before the opponents discovered that we were not a flower garden but a real football team.

The fellows on the football team wish to thank the **girls** who planned the banquet for us. It certainly was great. It showed us fellows that there really was a little spirit in the school and that's just what Port Huron High lacks, more school spirit.

If spirit like that which was shown at the banquet is a sample of the way the football team will be supported next year we assure you that Port Huron High will have the best football team she has ever had.

Croswell, 0 ..... Port Huron High School, 19
Detroit Central, 46 ..... Port Huron High School, 0
Ann Arbor, 18 ..... Port Huron High School, 0
Detroit Northwestern, 19 ..... Port Huron High School, 0
Detroit Eastern, 40 ..... Port Huron High School, 0
Alumni, 0 ..... Port Huron High School, 19

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Due to the efforts of Miss Everham, the Port Huron high school girls have at last gained the hard earned permission to play basket ball, and, what is more, a place, or rather a sort of place, to play in. There have been four practices so far, but no positions assigned, as yet.

We consider ourselves fortunate in having Miss Everham to coach us, as she has had previous experience along this line.

It has been decided not to play any outside games this year, but we shall confine our activities to interclass games, and hope, and ask for a good support.

We are very grateful to the boys' team, and desire to thank them for allowing us to have the armory when they are not using it, and also for the gift of a fine new basket ball. It appears, evidently, that a talk by one of our girl classmates at a recent banquet has had a good effect.

JOKES

If these jokes seem stale to you,
And to you bring no laughter.
And you think, "Get something new,
I've heard these for a year or two."
Bring good jokes, every one of you
It's your jokes that we're after.

—T. HOWARD.

H. Magahay (in Physics)—"Simple harmonic motion is circular motion in a straight line."

Pupils coming to school for ease usually are marked for ease (4 E's).

L. Kleinstiver (in Hist. Class)—"I could run for president."
T. Howard—"Sure, office boy."

Mrs. Naumann (after French test)—"With a person sitting next to you getting 96 or 97 there is no excuse for a person getting 70."

First Girl—"Tell me about Bill McCracken."
Second Girl—"Why?"
First Girl—"Oh, I like to hear about arm(y) men."

Freshie—"Going to the lecture on appendicitis tonight?"
Senior—"No, I'm tired of those organ recitals."

Mr. B. B. Gun(n) was accused of being **loaded** with liquor but was discharged and the report was in the paper next day.

Oh Chaucer, Chaucer, why do you live?
To us so much misery you give,
We work late at night, we will work on the morrow,
Still we will have to stay again for eighth hour.

Can Marguerite Baer to have Courtney Rauser?

Will Adelaide Dart if Anna Fead's her?

Long may Miss Northrup live,
Ever as long as the lessons she gives.

Students, students, get to work,
Don't, your duty, try to shirk,
Write a story—then be prudent,—
Hand it right in for the "Student."

WHERE OUR HEARTS ARE

Beatrice Gray—Ann Arbor.
Anna Fead—Sarnia.
Mrs. Dancer—In France.
Margaret Campbell—Room J.
Louie Kleinstiver—Maccabee Temple.
Gertrude Gleason—Pine Grove Avenue.
Miss Northrup—????????
Edith Brown—Football Team.
Adelaide Dart—Brown's Candy Store.

Mrs. Naumann (after explaining French sentence several times without anyone paying attention)—"By the appearance of things some of you will have to cultivate your ears before tomorrow."

Discouraged Teacher—"Half the class did the wrong lesson and the other half did the lesson wrong."

Freshie—"My father goes to a palmist to get his hand read."

2nd Freshie—"I don't know where my father goes but he gets his nose red."

1st Phys. Student—"What happens when a light falls into water at an angle of 45 degrees?"
2nd Ditto—"It goes out."

Teacher—"What is an optimist?"
Pupil—"A cross-eyed man who is happy because he isn't bow-legged."

Freshie at restaurant—"Do you serve lobsters here?"
Prop.—"Sure, sit down, we serve anybody."

Helen Endlich (Translating Latin)—"They came to the temples of the gods, whose roofs were covered with moss."

Miss Northrup (Eng. 7)—"Now, I'm not asking you to scan these gentlemen."

Bill Duff—"Say, Neva, I think your class is the best in school."
Neva S.—"Sorry, but I can't return the compliment."
Duffy—"You could if you told as big a lie as I did."

Mr. Crossley—"Did you filter this?"
Art Taylor—"No, I didn't think it would stand the strain."

S. Sullivan—"Am I a little pale?"
L. Kleinstiver—"No, you're a big tub."

H. Hart (entering ice cream parlor on dreary day)—"Well, boys, what will it be————(all rush up to give their orders)————rain or snow?"

Mrs. Kirkpatrick—"Mr. Nickolson, what is the equator?"
Ed. N.—"It's a red hot line running around the earth."

Grant Donaldson (studying Physiography in Mrs. Kirkpatrick's room)—"Rocks are such a hard study I wish I were dead." &
Mrs. K.—"Well, I think you have been dead from the neck up for some time."

"Noah would have prevented a lot of future trouble if he had killed the two kooties as they went up the gang plank."

Miss Everham (in English III)—"Who was Brutus?"
Lillian F.—"Wasn't he Caesar's horse?"

Pupil—"Claudius was kicked."
Teacher—"Why! What do you mean?"
Pupil—"Why here it says, 'Claudius met with defeat'."

THE MUNITIONETTES

Margare **T** Akers
Est **H** er Ream
Beatric **E** Gray

Adeline Ly **M** burner
Mary Sch **U** berth
Marjorie **N** eville
Ed **I** th Carlisle
Cour **T** ney Rauser
Le Vange K **I** mball
Nina P **O** wrie
Elai **N** e Schell
Madelin **E** McCowan
Elizabe **T** h Bennett
T helma Sawdon
Lucill **E** King

—MARY O. SCHUBERTH.

We have it on good authority that most bald headed men like hair-raising stories.

History Teacher—"Who invented the steam engine?"
Carl Hill—"What?"
History Teacher—"Correct."

First Freshie—"Did you hear about the wooden wedding up our way?"
Second Child—"No, what about it?"
First Freshie—"Two poles got married."

A farmer on the D. U. R. coming up from Mt. Clemens asked thec onductor—"How often do you kill a man on this here line?"
Conductor—"Only once, sir."

Miss Northrup (in staff meeting)—"Do you want paper, people?"
T. Howard—"No, we want real ones."

It was cold in Miss Hartsig's room for Harlan Hungerford but, when he was told to go to his father's office, he said it would be too hot for him there.

Mrs. Naumann—"Mr. Rubenstein, you may take this end seat, you are acting like an end man."

F. Adams—"Don't yell 'hey' at me, I'm no horse."
Miss Hartsig—"I know it, your ears are too long."

"Do you think late hours are good for one?"
"No, but they are all right for two."

PERSONALS

Ruth Sturmer requests us to inquire whether more help is needed at the Fenner-Ballentine Shoe Store.

Lynn Dane, you naughty boy! Out every night with a different girl.

Does Virginia Franklin know how to entertain out of town debaters?

Does Louis Kleinstiver belong in school or at the Maccabee Temple?

Wanted—A washwoman.
Call—Albert Hogan.

Why does Lenore Whiting like anything with "wit" in it?

Who is the girl that intends to have a hair dressing shop and specialize in a tonic for "baldies"?

Why does Edward Nicholson roam around the hall?

How many times does Sam Sullivan have to pay his dues to Edith?

Madeline McCowan and Rowden Kilets have developed a case of—not the "Flu."

Is Russel Simms a brilliant Student? He stops at the library every night until it closes at eleven? (Library closes at nine).

Why do the boys like to be in the seventh hour French class? Ma belle Smith.

Grant Moore's favorite song, "I'm always chasing Chalmers."

Where are Elaine Schell and Mary Schuberth on Saturdays between 5:30 and 6:30? Ask Joy King Lo!

Mr. Crossley—"What is a vacuum?"
H. Richards—"Well, I have it in my head but I can't quite explain it."

Freshie—"Say, this match you gave me won't light."
Senior—"That's funny, it lit all right a minute ago."

D. Watts (in Physics)—"I have all but the answer."

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Here's to old P. H. H. S.
Which always is a success,
And to our faculty and all
Plus the fellows that play ball.

Exasperated Teacher—"You boys make more noise than a couple of skeletons wrestling on a tin roof."

Ques.—Why is Ivy Parker like a pine tree?
Ans.—Because he is green all the year 'round.

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COMPLIMENTS

BRICKER

HURON AVENUE

Ernie Hill, (conductor) to South Park bunch one morning—"Look here fellows, don't you know it's wrong to match nickels on the car?"

Bright Boy—"I don't think so; it's no more than fare."

Miss Blake (History I)—"Lydian art shows Assyrian Influenza."

Freshman, asking for a position at a local place of business—"Have you an opening for an ambitious young man?"

Business Man—"Yes, the one you just came through; please close it when you go out."

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"Why does Germany spell Kulture with a 'K'?"
"Because the Allies have control of the 'C'."

Mrs. Kirkpatrick—"What can you tell about the ocean as a whole?"
Pupil—"It is a very deep one."

Mrs. Kirkpatrick—"Will you please pay attention, Mr. Bradley?"
G. Bradley—"I'm listening."
Mrs. K.—"Yes, you are listening with one ear and talking with the other."

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G uy Manuel
G
Bill O **L** iver
Alb **E** rt Dixon
R us Simms
Ed Nickol **S** on

P. S.—Anybody who considers himself a good dancer, kindly fill in the vacant space.

Al. Hogan (translating Latin)—"Caesar having been killed, hurried into Gaul."

Miss Moore (in History 7)—"Discuss either one or both."

Louis K.—"Discusted with all of 'em."

Miss Blake (History I)—"What is meant by dualism in Persian religion?"

Student—"It is fighting spirits with swords and revolvers."

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Store No. 4—1014 Lapeer Ave.

"What good will this 'stuff' do me anyway?" said a Freshie after painfully trying to scan a few lines of poetry.

"Well," said the wise Senior, "If you pin the aviation corps it will help you scan the enemy's lines."

Officer of Cadet Corps ordered men to hold right foot up and forward. One man held up his left foot thus making his leg and the leg of the man next to him close together. The officer shouted: "Who's the boob holding up both feet?"

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Mrs. Naumann (explaining French adjectives)—The little Henry is small."

Mr. Hungerford—"I want a hair cut."
Barber—"Which one?"

Freshie had a little pony,
It was written very neat.
Sad, but true, teacher saw it,
Freshie handed in an empty sheet.

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ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR

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Phone High School, 896—Residence 1436-W